

## THE PREACHING THAT QUICKENS

(C. V. Fairbairn)

At last in the pure mercy of God, the preacher is aroused. He begins to seek God and gets a vision. He sees the Lord, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, his train filling the temple. Seraphim call one to the other, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." Confessions of insufficiency and unholiness crowd to the preacher's lips. God is moved, A live coal from off the altar touches the unclean; iniquity is taken away; sin is purged. Glory to God!

A cry rings through the heavens: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" That preacher, now wholly consecrated, entirely sanctified, Spirit-filled, Spirit-led, answers, "Here am I, O Lord, send me!"

Accepted and commissioned, away he goes, a new man, with a new Book and a living message. Henceforth he will "preach the Word," "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He will preach God in his absolute perfections, and LOVE in particular. He will warn sinners, urging them to repentance. He will exhort believers to love God with all their heart, soul, strength, and mind. He will expose the carnal mind, which does its best to hinder whole-hearted love toward God. He will declare the possibility of having it removed by glorious attainment to that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." He will demonstrate this as provided by the Lord, merited by the Blood, revealed in the Word, receivable here and now by faith, and inwrought by the Holy Spirit. He will faithfully proclaim the unsearchable riches of grace laid up for us by Christ Jesus, that we have been "called to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ," that "the Lord God is a sun and shield; he will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Such preaching of the Word is bound to make a stir. Yes sir, a revolution! Not something about the Word! Not our constructions upon the Word! Not some Word with a lot of traditions of the elders heaped on top of it! Our emphasis, "Preach the Word!" "Preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." Such preaching will make a stir.

If ever prophet faced a dead, dry, and difficult proposition, Ezekiel did. O that valley full of bones! Dry bones! Dry bones, very dry! "Very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry!" But there came a resurrection. We are interested in the how of this.

"And He said unto me, Prophecy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

"So I prophesied as I was commanded," says Ezekiel, "and as I prophesied, there was a noise, a shaking, (Thank God!) and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And, lo, there came upon them sinews, and flesh, and skin; but there was no breath in them."

"Then said He unto me, Prophecy, and say, Come from the four corners of heaven, O breath (O Spirit), and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

"So I prophesied as He commanded me, (Thank the Lord for an obedient prophet!) and the breath came into them, and THEY LIVED, and STOOD UP UPON THEIR FEET, AN EXCEEDING GREAT ARMY."—Ezek. xxxvii 1-9.

O God of Heaven, send us men who will dare to prophesy as they are commanded. Then

let Thy Word go forth. Then let Thy Spirit breathe forth. Then shall we, even we, see a resurrection in this our valley. But, Lord, we realize that this can only be when Holy Spirit, Holy Word, and holy men are in fullest possible co-operation.

"Prophecy, Hear ye the Word of the Lord." That is God's will for all the days of all the years of all the ages. To Jeremiah the Lord said, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth." And again, "Thus the Lord, Speak, . . . all the words that I command thee to speak unto them; diminish not a word." To Jonah came the command, "Arise, go unto Nineveh, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." "Teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you," were the words of Jesus. "Preach the Word," wrote Paul to Timothy. Said he, in another place, "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, except by the revelation of Jesus Christ." And again: "For this cause also we thank God, because when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." And Paul boldly declared that the bare preaching of the letter of the word by a mere man was ineffective. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves," said he, "but our sufficiency is of God; who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." "And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech or wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

THE WORD OF THE LORD IS A MIGHTY WORD. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God;" "for holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." That Word "preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven" is dynamic. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Saith the Lord, "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." It "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Thus shall it accomplish; in this it shall prosper.

Small wonder Paul declared, "I am ready to preach the gospel at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The finding of the Book of the Law in the temple in Josiah's reign precipitated a revival. Jonah preached God's words to Nineveh and precipitated a revival. John Baptist preached the word in Jordan Valley and precipitated a revival. Philip preached Jesus, the Word, in Samaria and

precipitated a revival. Luther translated the Latin Bible into German and precipitated the Reformation. Wesley and Whitefield preached the Word throughout the British Isles, precipitated the Methodist revival, and "saved England from a French Revolution." When Ezekiel dared to cry to dry bones, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord," the result was unavoidable. The mighty Spirit wrought with the mighty Word. He still so works today. "Preach the word"; there will be a stir. Had Ezekiel refrained his tongue, the sleep of death had continued to reign in the valley.

O Church of the Living God! O ministers of the Church of Christ! To you belongs the privilege, the power if ye will, the responsibility of preaching the quickening Word. Will ye rise to this? or will ye refrain? Resurrection or destruction shall reign in your Valley. Your decision shall determine which. O preach the Word! "Study to show yourselves approved unto God, workmen needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Study the Word! preach it "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

## OBITUARY

LeBaron L. Moores

Many will learn with regret of the death of LeBaron L. Moores, which took place at the home of his daughter at 1039 Nicola St. Vancouver, B. C., Thursday, March 28th, 1929, in the 80th year of his age. He had been in poor health since Christmas of last year, and at times during the latter part of his illness was a great sufferer, but he bore it with patience and Christian fortitude.

The funeral was held on Tuesday, April, 2nd. He leaves to mourn several members of his own family, a brother, J. W. Moores of Hartland and other relatives.

Mr. Robert Bradley

The death of Mr. Robert Bradley of Grays' Mills, Kings Co., N. B. took place on Thursday night, May 2nd. He had suffered a stroke several years ago, and has been practically helpless ever since. His sister Lucy has been his constant and faithful attendant during those tedious years of affliction. The deceased was the only brother of Mr. S. Hamilton Bradley, so well known by all who attend Beulah camp.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, May 5th, conducted by the writer. Interment was made in the little cemetery near the Reformed Baptist church at Grays' Mills. Our brother was a Christian and was always ready to give an answer when asked the reason of the hope that was in him. He was 62 years of age.

H. C. MULLEN.

Beals, Maine.

Dear Brother Trafton:

Please find enclosed renewal for the Highway. I certainly enjoy its clean pages. The letters from our missionaries are an inspiration to us. Praise the dear Lord for His goodness.

We have a faithful pastor and are looking to the Lord for victory.

Yours in Jesus

MRS. ALONZO ALLEY

Presque Isle.

Rev. P. J. Trafton:

I am sending renewal for the Highway. I enjoy reading the Highway very much.

MRS. AARON KINNEY

## "FORGETTING THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND."

God has endowed man with a mind capacitated to retain or remember that which makes impressions upon it through the five senses. We know it is possible for us to improve our ability to remember by exercising our memory or making special demands upon it. It is said of one of the leading real estate men of America that he can dictate several letters at the same time to as many different stenographers. Without a doubt this man has attained to this unusual feat by exercising his mind.

Remembering things is an art, and very essential, but Paul introduces another art, namely: the art of "forgetting". Personally, I believe it very necessary for us to be good "forgetters". I believe it is quite easy for us to judge between the things we should remember and those we should forget.

In regards to our coming camp meetings, it would be well to practice this art of "forgetting". While there are many things we need to remember there are others we need to forget.

First. We need to forget our home-cares, so that we can give our undivided attention to the interests of the meetings. No one can enjoy either the preaching services or the prayer meetings, if their mind is taken up with fishing gear or farm crops.

Secondly. We need to forget the Camp-meetings of the past. I fear camp meetings may become so commonplace and mechanical that they fail to enthuse. We should feel as if this was the first camp meeting we ever undertook and work at it like a boy would gather sap in the spring. It always was hard for me to get enthused with an old story-book but when I got a new one it was quite different. Let us feel that this is a new camp meeting with new privileges, new sermons, new prayers, and new souls to help. The fact is if God has His way, it will be new, new programs, new glory, new conquests and new victories.

Thirdly, we need to forget previous evangelists, not that there was anything about the splendid men God has given us that we desire to forget, but because He has given us a new man. We have no right to spend our time comparing this evangelist with others, for it will take all our time, to stand by his side and hold up his hands. May God help us to give this man the co-operation he needs. I believe the success of the meeting will depend largely on the attitude we take toward the preacher and his messages.

Fourthly, we need to forget our grievances. For the sake of all that it cost to make these yearly assemblies a blessing, let us forget our grievances. Of course we will have some, for what man ever lived who did not. But I suggest that if they just must be taken out and aired, we uncover them when there is not a living person within rods of us.

It would be good for us to forget that we never were guilty of making a mistake. It would almost be a blessing if we could forget that we just must have our own way.

However, let us remember that we are going to Camp meeting. Also that it would be nice for us to take our own sheets and pillow-cases; that the committees do their work without wages; that they get "homesick" when you find fault with them. Let us remember to bring our smiles, our Christian love, in fact all the virtues we possess either by natural or spiritual birth.

And lastly, let us be sure to bring our renewals for the King's Highway.

Yours for a good Camp Meeting  
F. A. DUNLOP

## THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

By Rev. W. Edmund Smith

The good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind:

She had a lot of common sense and an independent mind.

She seldom studied Latin and she didn't even vote;

She learned to rock the cradle, but she never rocked the boat.

There were many higherflutin' things she never did prefer:

To be a queen in her own home was good enough for her.

Her prayers were back of everything that stood for human good.

She gloried in her useful toil and the crown of motherhood.

She called her children blessings sent to her from above;

Was happy in her toil for them and in her husband's love.

She never struck for wages, and ne'er her post resigned,

For the good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind.

She believed in God and Heaven and in all the Bible too:

Would begin way back in Genesis and read the good book through.

The miracles and judgments too did ne'er her faith appall:

And the forty thousand promises, she calmly claimed them all.

And a real complete salvation was quite suited to her mind,

For the good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind.

She taught her children honesty and simple faith in God.

Put it in by her example, and sometimes with the rod.

To see them great in show or place she never did aspire;

To see them true and clean and strong, was all her heart's desire.

And round her sweet and wholesome soul her children's hearts entwined;

For the good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind.

But there's been a change in fashions and a change in motherhood:

In the light of modern science things are better understood:

Women throng the club and lodge-room, public questions they converse,

And the children, two—or many, all are cared for by the nurse.

To the highest forms of service modern women now are blind,

But the good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind.

Of true mothers there's an adage; at their critics it was hurled;

That "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

Moses, Augustine, and Wesley—men who did their times remake,

Got their counsel from their mothers, and their mother's God did take.

These are but a few examples that in history we find,

For the good old-fashioned mother was the best of human-kind.

O we need the good old mothers with their simple faith in God,

Modesty, and sweet devotion, things that all good folks applaud.

Learning, culture and appearance can't for many things atone:

Women leave their throne of power when they quite neglect the home.

Here her duties are apparent, to her these hath God assigned;

And these made the old-time mother; Made her best of human-kind.

And thank God this noble species is not wholly out of date;

Noble mothers still are numbered 'mongst the lowly and the great.

And they bravely hold their moorings spite of all the modern flood:

Still believe the good old Bible and salvation through the Blood.

And they call themselves old-fashioned and they ever keep in mind,

All the lessons that were taught them by the best of human-kind.

## BEULAH

Beulah on the grand Saint John

Where the river is so broad,  
And people from all churches

Gather here to worship God;  
I love thy walks and temple

And the road to Galilee,  
But better than all places,

Dear Jesus, I love thee.

Oh Beulah the beautiful,

How fair I see thee lie;  
With fountains, trees and flowers,

And the Saint John flowing by;  
Surely thou art noted, for situation grand,

Where God's servants faithful  
Point the way to truth

And for holiness they stand.

Oh Beulah so beautiful,

Such peace within thee lies;  
The prayers of these God's people,

Must surely reach the skies;  
I walk along thy pathways

And dream of Galilee;  
And think about my Savior

Who walked upon the sea.

Oh Beulah so beautiful,

Where the ransomed are on high,  
I hope to be there with the rest

In that land beyond the sky,  
Where I shall see my dear ones

And with the angels sing,  
A joyous band in that happy land

Where Jesus Christ is King.

ANN GRAY

Cayley, Alta.,

Dear Brother Trafton:

Enclosed please find my renewal for the Highway.

Yours who receives many favors and blessings from our dear Lord.

Praise His dear name.

J. H. BROWN.

Today is yesterday's pupil.—Old English.